

A VELASQUEZ

(The portrait speaks.)

Rinaldo De La Murcia—never mind my titles—

Painted by Velasquez, if that's the fellow's name.

It took a dozen sittings at least, as I remember;

As many wasted trials before the likeness came.

"Likeness, did I call it? Well, well, there's some resemblance;

The chin's too sharp, the nose too thin, the eyes a trifle tight;

But still, it has distinction, the Duke and Duchess told me,

Though Dona Vsabel insists the picture is a fright.

"I paid a thousand pieces in pity for the craftsman—

His doublet was worn threadbare, and he had a hairnet race.

Such creatures should be pensioned and kept to paint our portraits,

For all posterity should know the men of mark and race.

"I do not grudge the money, though it cost a month's campaigning,

We took the castle, burned it, and carried off the gold.

It may be that this old daub will make the tale more vivid

When to my children's children that sharp fray shall be told."

The painted lips were silent. I bent to scan the canvas.

It bore a date I could not read, and painter's name alone.

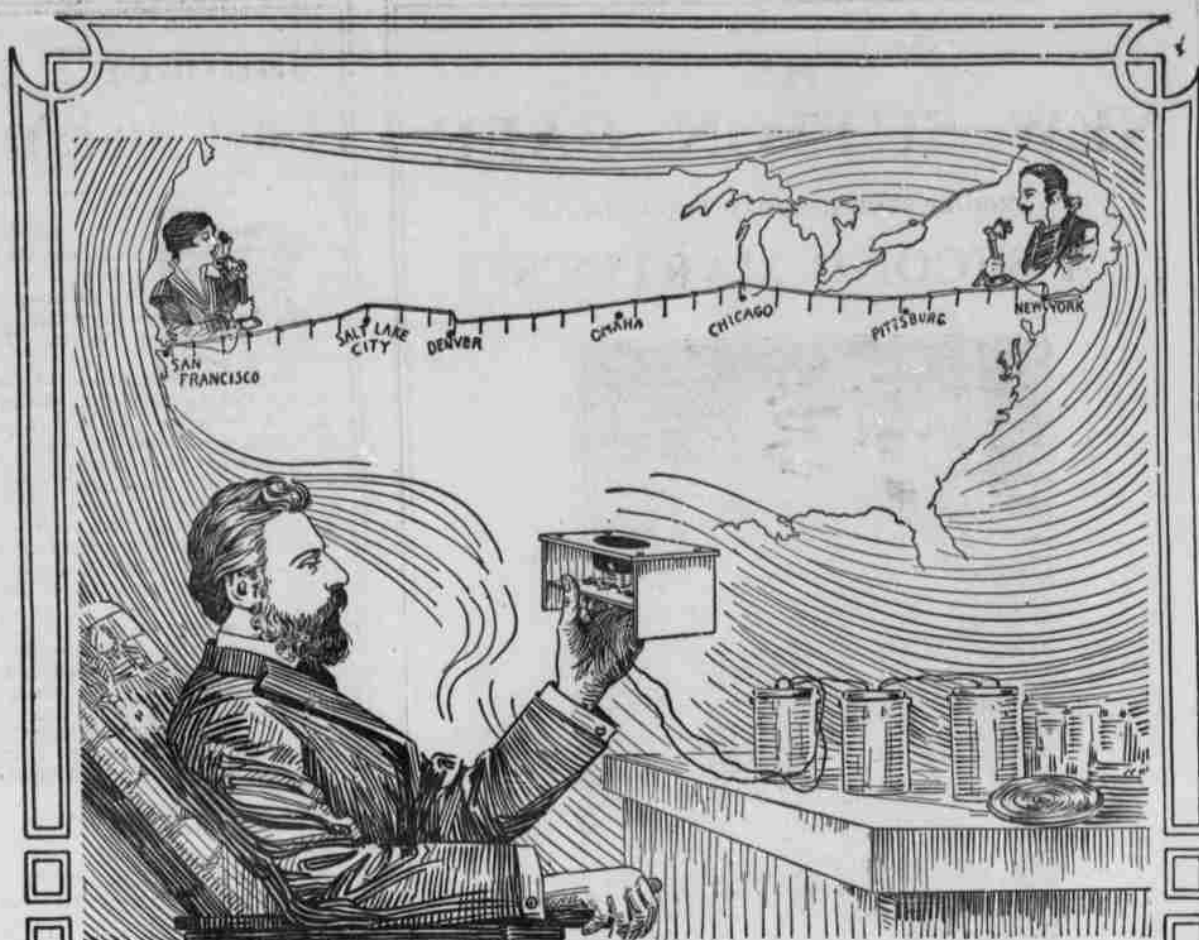
And then I read the label: "A Portrait by Velasquez;

Recently discovered. The subject is unknown." —Tudor Jenks.

BALMY PEACE

Oh, I believe in balmy peace. I wish to see war's horrors cease; I wish to see the saber made into the farmer's pruning blade, and every gun that thunders now, I fain would change into a plow. I'd like to see the kings embrace, with rapture glowing in each face, and swear by Heck and Halldome, to keep their warlike hosts at home. And all my days I shall devote to robbing warfare of its goat; I hope to see the nations stand like loving brothers, hand in hand, remote from bitterness and strife and to that end I pledge my life. I now am ready to orate in any town, in any state, which will put up a hundred wheels and guarantee me bed and meals. I ask the money in advance, because I cannot take a chance on being stung by hayseed grads which hate to jar loose from the scads. Blest be the day when warfare ends! If you believe in peace, my friends, and hope to see the whole world free, arrange a lecture date for me, and I from war will take a fall, in school house, church or village hall, in tabernacle tent or manse—the money strictly in advance.—Walt Mason's Syndicated Stuff.

Two of the University of Pennsyl-



Telephone Standards

Forty years ago Alexander Graham Bell succeeded in transmitting the sound of the human voice over a wire; and while men scoffed at the invention and laughed the inventor to scorn Bell's imagination even then pictured the telephone in universal use.

His was the master mind, that penetrated the future and visualized an ideal—One System, One Policy, Universal Service.

Since then, time has developed certain standards—standards of plant construction, standards of equipment, standards of service efficiency.

Standards of our duty to the public have existed from the beginning of time; for they are founded on principles of equal justice and fair dealing. This means that our service must be as nearly perfect as human skill and ingenuity can make it, and that our rates must be fair, equitable, and as low as a fair return upon investment will permit.

It means courteous consideration of the public's needs, and solving the problems growing out of such needs in the light of the best engineering and other expert skill which the art of telephony has developed.

Such a policy commends itself to public favor, public respect and public confidence, without which no public utility can long exist.

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.

vania track runners passed a learned and preoccupied professor showing a young lady visitor through the "Gardens." With a dainty shiver the girl remarked: "It's dreadfully cold—isn't it?—to be without stockings." The professor's mind turned for a moment from contemplation of the fourth dimension. "Then why did you leave them off?" he asked.

What is needed is a tariff commission that will take the tariff out of politics itself.—Chicago Herald.

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